

# THINGS IN IRELAND.

Never is there a greater change coming over a man than that which comes over a traveler as he passes from England or Scotland, to Ireland. He falls among a people who nominally speak the same language, and who are under the same government; but they are a different people altogether, and the countries have a different aspect. Mind you, I now speak of the south and west of Ireland—for the north differs from those as much as light differs from darkness. Every body perceives this difference between England or Scotland, and Ireland, and every body asks the cause. That is a question more easily asked than answered—for an answer would enable the government to administer a remedy. Something or other has operated so as to change the character of the people. What that something is, it is impossible to tell.

I believe it is two religious, or two irreligious—one oppressing the people in the way of tithes for a preaching they abhor, and the other by working upon their passions and prejudices, leading them astray and plundering them of what little the first has left for their own support. The established religion in Ireland is a monster of oppression, overwhelming a people who detest it, and whose first education is to detest it, and many of its ministers. The catholic religion, conducted by an ignorant priesthood, only versed in Ave Marias, perhaps the very worst priesthood on earth, completes the picture. The one religion is ever pulling against the other. The outrage of one forces upon the wrongs of the other, and the wrongs of the last embittered by oppression, break out in slaughter, confagration, riots, and desolation. The people are thus pulled two ways, and therefore stand still—at heart really respecting neither religion, but fearing either, just as superstition happens to produce a fear. Protestantism can make no converts, because it attempts to act by force. Catholicism will make no advances, because it has no inducements. Whichever one does, the other counteracts. The good that this administers, that poisons. Thus religion is made a party—and when religion is joined with politics, then come fanaticism, bigotry, violence, and all such evils, in the train. The great secret which we have, of having no established religion, but keeping all in order, if I may be allowed the expression, by creating a competition, and thus putting all on equal ground, the monopolists here will not and do not understand.

Now, do not let me be misunderstood in these remarks. I am not entering upon a crusade, either against catholicism or protestantism. I do not say which is the religion. I do not decri religion. The very misfortune of the Irish people I believe, is that they have any of any kind, unless it be the few dissenters here and there; thus demonstrating what I have always believed, that Religion is as necessary to a state as law—not an established religion, but a religion that shall influence what the law cannot influence. Hence, perhaps the more creeds the better. The more competition there is, as I said before, the greater the efforts to do good. I look upon religion as the medicine of the State. What suits one constitution, will not suit another. What operates upon this mind, will not operate upon that. This man you can only operate upon by fear. Frighten him to be good. That man, love and affection can make go straight. Duty here is enough. Principle there. The more creeds, now, that bring to bear these various impulses upon men, the better will more men be. The preachers will have hit more. More patients will be cured. Hence, perhaps, God in his wisdom left disputable so many points in scripture, leaving that not clear, which of all things we seek to be the most assured about.

These remarks apply to the condition of the Irish people. The man who expects a people to live happy and freely and orderly, without some religion, is a madman. Law is not so strong as conscience. That little whispering monitor acts within—law acts without. Now the mischief in Ireland is, that parties as to strength are about equally divided. King Number is Catholic, and is strong, too. King Power is Protestant, and is stronger. A battle is therefore going on night and day. The parties are bitter. More is the lot of oversteering each other, than of lifting up the people. Protestantism relies upon law, and thinks little of conscience. Catholicism relies upon numbers, and is ever marshalling them to overstep the law. The established religion keeps out competition. The dissenters are like neutrals in the day of battle, scented by both parties; and the consequence is—that it is Ireland is a "blessed by God and cursed by man." If Lord Morpeth expects that his bill of partial justice will change the character of Ireland, he mistakes. He must top of the established religion there, or establish the religion which a majority of the people profess, and thus elevate that. How can an Irish protestant clergyman on the sabbath speak to a hundred people of "the constraining influence of the gospel, when the other days in the week he is taking from them their property to pay for a preaching when they are taught to abhor, and which is thus made abhorrent to them? Next, let the ministry, if they would elevate Ireland, educate the Irish priests, not at home, but abroad—let them insist upon it, that they know something else than Latin—let them take away their savage spirit by taking away the causes that make them savage. The same good will be done—for how different a man, generally speaking, is a French priest from an Irish priest!

Other evils Ireland has to complain of than religious war; but they spring, I believe, from this great evil. Her nobility fly from her, and withdraw their wealth to support them elsewhere. Why? because religious quarrels have made home dangerous to live in. Hence they lose that love for the people that the English nobility in general have, and they only think of their estates as the means of supporting them, thereby insisting upon a rent which it grinds the people to the dust to pay—and have the system, perhaps, of rents, divided and subdivided, of which the people so much complain. But I cannot account for the difference between "the peasantry" of Ireland and England. The Irishman has much more of a Republican bearing in his manner. He has not the servility of the English. Often, even he is rude, and if not insolent, troublesome at least. The Irish beggar will not take "no" for an answer. If "the love of God," his favorite phrase, won't

bring out a copper, he tries his wit or the effect of a joke. The Irish yet seem to have lost all pride, but the humblest Englishman is proud enough. A dormant energy, seldom excited, seems to be in the first, while the last is ever exciting his powers. The Irishman is hot and feverish when excited—but the Englishman is cool, outwardly, at least, but the more resolved for that. All England is a garden. One third of Ireland seems to be a peat bog. Industry has done wonders on the land of the first, but what is industry seems to be little known in the last. The Irishman is contented with his hut, pigs, and dirt. The Englishman loves his garden and his flowers. Indeed, to have the cause of their differences solved, would be one of the most interesting solutions in the world, for here are a people under the same king, ruled by the same parliament, and yet presenting such a different spectacle to the world.

You must remember that these remarks which I give you upon Ireland, are made after but a cursory look at some of the best parts of Ireland too. I saw a little of the county of Wicklow, that Irishmen boast of as their Utopia, which is indeed very pretty. I did not see the lakes of Killarney, nor did I come to see them, so much as I did to see the people of the west. But much of the west is now in a state of starvation. It is not pleasant to travel for pleasure in such a scene. Indeed I cannot say after Dublin is visited, that Ireland holds out many temptations for a pleasant tour. There are so many drawbacks upon the bounties of nature. The fair prospect is so much marred by man. I had made up my mind to visit the Shannon, and go thence down to Cork to embark there for England again, but my companions not agreeing with me, I leave Ireland for Wales. Ireland I can readily see is a most important country for an American thoroughly to understand, because so much of Ireland is in America now—but when I tell you that the very worst of the Irish emigrating population are Princes and Nobles compared with much of it at home, you will readily understand my companions' objections to going further. And yet Ireland has a thousand redeeming qualities—I love the people with all their faults. Their errors are all of the heart, not of the head. Educate their children, for it is vain to think of taming such as are really wild, and what excellent men they make! The sons of Irish parents make much of the very best of the American population. This shows that the stuff is good, and only that something is wanting there. The great fault of the fathers is, that any man who will cajole them, can do any thing with them. O'Connell, for example, is doing Ireland an immensity of good—but he does it by riding the Irish as horses, and then making them pay his bills. There is not according to all accounts more of a despot on any European throne. See how he has shoved his sons and nephews into Parliament, see how he makes the poor Irish foot all his bills. His principles are sound. The Lord help him for the manner in which he advocates them—for that they are sound, will be his only excuse. Adieu to Irish Harps, Shamrocks and Shillelahs. I'll come and see you again on your southern coast, if I can find two weeks of leisure. B.

## POLICE OFFICE.—A VICTIM.

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,  
And finds too late that men betray,  
What charm can soothe her melancholy,  
What art can drive her grief away."

A Sorrowful Scene.—Just inside the door this morning, we encountered the faded form and features of a once fair creature called Charlotte Cummins, who had been brought up to the watch-house for having assaulted a gentleman in Broadway, and tried (as was alleged) to strangle him. This fragile creature, who has not yet attained the age of 18 years, we remember to have made her first appearance at the police office just before the time of the cholera in 1832. She had at that period recently landed from a Liverpool packet ship, together with her father and mother, two sisters and two brothers. The three sisters were as lovely looking creatures as ever "breathed the breath of heaven," and might not unhappily have been termed "the Graces," of whom Charlotte was the youngest. She came, we well recollect, to the place upon the occasion above alluded to, for the purpose of testifying to the guilt of a fellow passenger, who had robbed her father on the passage of a large quantity of sovereigns, and in whose possession she had seen some of the money; but as the money could not be identified, the scoundrel was set at liberty, and the family were reduced to a state of poverty, the amount taken being 2000 sovereigns.

To add to their distress during the season of the cholera, the family were attacked with that horrible disease. The father was the first that fell a victim to it; and he was still unburied when the youngest boy died, and soon afterwards one grave enclosed them both. The two eldest daughters died as they had lived and grown in beauty, side by side, and one short week saw the father and every child but Charlotte swept from the land of the living, and the places that knew them once, know them no more for ever. On the evening of the day upon which the last victim was consigned to the tomb, the mother sickened, and in six hours afterwards, Charlotte was left an orphan, destitute, friendless, and among strangers. She was taken under the care of the Commissioners of the Almshouse, and soon afterwards obtained a situation in a respectable family in Pearl-st. as nurse maid. Nothing was heard of her for some time, until she was invited to the house of an English family, named James, living in Oak street, who honored her so far as to form a party on the occasion of Charlotte's birthday, and here two young fellows who aspired to the honor of her hand in a country dance, quarrelled, went out of doors and fought in her favor. They were both taken to the watch-house, together with Charlotte and another female who had interfered with a view to separate the combatants.

In the morning they were all dismissed by Justice Wyman. After this one of the fighting youths became her sweetheart, and continued to court her for a twelvemonth. At the next anniversary of her birthday, at the self same house, he escorted her home, and under a solemn promise to wed her in the morning, he accomplished her ruin. He prostrated the time of their marriage by various delays and excuses, and ultimately sailed for New-Orleans, leaving her orphaned. Grief and distraction at her unhappy situation, and the discovery of the villain's callous and

depraved disposition, brought on premature labor, and she gave birth to a still-born child. From that hour to this she seems to have been running the broad road to destruction, for could the tears, prayers, threats, remonstrances, entreaties or advice of her friends, produce the least pause in her painful career; she seemed resolutely bent upon going headlong to destruction—and although scarcely turned sixteen, she addicted herself to drinking in a most desperate manner. Her third appearance at the police office, was in the character of a drunkard, and she was brought before Justice Wyman in a semi-hysterical state, (the joint effects of liquor and sorrow) and her convulsive hands grasped a £500 note, which had been forwarded to her from some of her father's relatives in England, and which she had that day received.

She was at that period sent into the Almshouse until she became sober, and the note deposited for safe keeping with some respectable person. A short time afterwards she by some means obtained possession of this money and sailed for New-Orleans disguised as a sailor, with a view to seek her seducer, who she said that she intended to shoot as soon as she could see him. When she reached that city, he had returned (as was stated) to New-York. Hither she also came in the last packet, and according to her own statement had yesterday indulged in drinking until she drowned her reason and sense of decency. She went to one of the hotels in Broadway, where she saw a person enter who she thought strikingly resembled her seducer. She was expelled thence, and this confirmed her suspicions that he was the person whom she was seeking. She waited for more than an hour, when she saw the same person leave the house and pass down the pavement. She followed, overtook, and seized him by the throat, threw him down, and nearly strangled him before she distinctly saw his features, when finding that she had been mistaken, she fainted away. On being resuscitated, she raved and tore her hair, and conducted herself so violently, that the watchman thought it advisable to take her to the watch house. In the morning the magistrate had hardly asked her the reason of her behavior, ere she burst into tears, threw herself on the ground, and prayed with bitter earnestness for instant death. She was put below for a short time, when becoming somewhat more composed, and no person appearing to prefer a complaint against her, she was set at liberty, upon promising to go and live with an acquaintance in Madison street.—N. Y. Transcript.

Brutality.—A man named Cole, a copper-plate printer, was examined before the Police Court of Boston, on Thursday last, under the following circumstances:—The charge against him was for flogging a boy, an apprentice, in the most brutal manner; and for an officer altogether trivial. The lad testified as follows:—

I am nine years old; my father was a sailor; he was drowned; my mother has five children; three smaller than me; they are with her at Lowell; she works in a factory; Mr. Cole is my master; I have been with him four months; he has beaten me often; he beat me last night; in reaching for a piece of bread I tipped over a tea-cup, and he said he would beat me; in the afternoon I ran against a wall in Washington street, and spilt some oil that he makes; at dark I was in the shop; no one else was there; he called me; he locked the door and put an apron up to the window; he commenced beating me; I don't know how long; he would not let me holla; it was with a rattan.

Constable Pierce.—I stripped the boy in presence of six or seven witnesses; I have seen men lashed at a whipping-post—but, of all sights, never saw any thing to equal this boy's back. I have here a memorandum of the wounds and marks. There are

- 34 distinct black or blue spots on the left arm.
- 12 do on the right arm.
- 56 equally distinct on the back and loins, and two black blotches over the kidneys, and the skin broken in four places.
- 28 from the left hip to the heel.
- 21 on the right do.

151 distinct and clearly verified bruises. The boy was then stripped in court, and the tears that coursed down the cheeks of five veteran officers, told with what effect. Cole acknowledged the disfigured spectacle to be his own act and deed, fully and unreservedly. He pleaded for mercy—said that two years ago he was knocked down, stabbed and robbed, and had only got his office fairly together. He admitted that the spilling of the oil was the cause of his beating the boy. Judge Thatcher reprimanded the savage in severe and appropriate terms, and ordered him to find bail to the amount of \$500, in the default of which he was committed to prison.

Highway Robbery.—On Monday evening, a young man belonging in Massachusetts, named Metapher Chase, deaf and dumb, who had just returned from Troy, where he had been to visit a brother, was attacked by a large black fellow named William Lisbon, one of the Five Point fraternity, who forcibly stripped the unfortunate lad of his coat, hat and shoes, robbed his pocket of a wallet containing \$7.50, and then absconded. Chase fortunately soon after met a watchman, and making known to him his loss to him by signs, conducted him in the direction he noticed his robber to have taken. He had not proceeded far before they came upon a collection of negroes, amongst whom was Lisbon; and no sooner did the deaf and dumb lad discover him than he sprang upon and seized him, and he was lodged in the watch-house. In the morning Chase, through the medium of one similarly afflicted, but who had been well instructed at the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, made the requisite deposition as to the robbery, and Lisbon was fully committed for trial.—N. Y. paper.

Dreadful Shipwreck.—The last intelligence from Europe brings accounts of one of the most appalling shipwrecks on record. It is that of the convict ship, George III. April 18th, in the evening, at Van Dieman's land, in D. Entrecasteaux's channel, near Hobart's town. The moon was shining bright and the water smooth as glass, when the vessel suddenly struck on a rock in 4 fathoms. The swell in six minutes broke her entirely to pieces. The scene was most terrific: the falling of the masts, the agonizing cries of the convicts confined below the hatches, up to

their necks in water, the soldiers on board pointing down their muskets to prevent the poor wretches from coming on deck, till the swell broke them loose from their confinement, and all was a scene of horrid confusion. The major, surgeon, and other officers, and the captain of the ship, behaved with the greatest humanity and bravery. A portion went ashore in the launch, and the next morning a schooner came along side and took off the others. The heroism of the soldiers' wives with infants in their arms, was remarkable. Sixty poor creatures were sick below with scurvy and drowned. The doctor attributes the sickness to bad provisions and the substitution of cocoa for oatmeal—the first experiment of the kind made. There were 294 souls on board, and 134 perished, of which 123 were prisoners.

Forgery.—Between 11 and 12 o'clock yesterday morning, a lad presented himself at the store of Mr. John Rankin, No. 8 Cedar street, and handed that gentleman a note asking the loan of ten or twelve hundred dollars till to-morrow, and signed A. Tappan & Co. At the bottom of the note was a postscript, informing Mr. Rankin that he (Mr. T.) had news of "thrilling interest" to communicate to him, and desired an interview for that purpose in the evening. The note was written in a handsome business hand, very unlike that of Mr. T., and Mr. Rankin was induced to ask the lad some questions respecting his errand. The lad stated that he was requested by a gentleman in the street to bring the note, and receive an answer, and that the gentleman was to meet him at the corner of Cedar and William-street to receive the reply. Mr. Rankin thereupon indited a note in answer, stating that he would see Mr. Tappan at 12 o'clock; which note he handed the lad, who then left the store to meet his employer at the appointed corner. Mr. Rankin, however, followed him, and saw him deliver his note to a person whom he did not know, but who he knew was not Mr. Tappan, to whom it was addressed. The person receiving the note handed the lad a shilling, and opened the paper, when Mr. Rankin came up and seized him, and inquired of him what business he had with his note to Mr. Tappan. He replied that the boy thrust the note into his hand, and presuming of course it was meant for him, he opened it without looking at the superscription. The lad, however, who stood by, identified the man as the individual who had employed him, as did also a gentleman who observed him pay the boy for his services. Mr. Rankin then took him into his store, and there detained him till officers Smith and Tompkins arrived from the police office, who took him in custody and escorted him to the office. The depositions of Mr. Rankin and the lad were taken against him, and he was held to bail in \$3000, to answer for the forgery at the sessions. On examination he stated his name to be Nathaniel Freeman, and acknowledged the writing of the note charged to be a forgery, and that it was a forgery. We are credibly informed that Freeman is extensively known here, was formerly engaged in the editorial office of the Journal of Commerce, is a member of Dr. Spring's church, is the head of a large and respectable family, and has heretofore enjoyed a perfectly fair and unsuspected character. A pressure of pecuniary affairs, however, in an unguarded moment, led him to the commission of the act, which has destroyed him, and thrust his amiable family into great affliction. N. Y. Sun.

## REWARD FOR ARTHUR TAPPAN.

By the following advertisement, received in a New-Orleans paper this morning, it will be seen that the Louisiana papers can no longer deny that a reward has been offered for the person of Arthur Tappan. Every man at the North must allow that this proposition is a monstrous outrage. We grant, at once, that the conduct of Mr. Tappan, and his associates, has been very imprudent, and in many respects very reprehensible. We grant that his conduct has been such as he must have foreseen would chase our Southern fellow-citizens to madness. But however unwise and indiscreet he may have been, an act like that proposed in Louisiana, which attempts to control the freedom of opinion by putting the peace, and even the life, of the citizen into the hands of every criminal in the country, is atrocious and horrible. N. Y. Mercantile Adv.

## From the Louisiana Advertiser.

The following has been handed to us by the Committee of Vigilance of the Parish of East Feliciana, for publication.

## FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS REWARD.

The above reward will be given, on the delivery to the Committee of Vigilance, for the Parish of East Feliciana, La. of the notorious abolitionist, ARTHUR TAPPAN, of New-York.

Papers opposed to abolition throughout the U. S. States, are requested to give publicity to the above. Jackson, La. Oct. 15, 1835.

Texas.—The troubles in the Territory of Mexico are taking a curious turn. Volunteers are assembling at New-Orleans, Mobile, Natchitoches, and various other places. The whole public begin to be excited on the subject. The position of affairs will, we think, be pretty similar to those of Spain—England stands between the contending parties; but at the same time, allows men, arms, and all the munitions of war, to go forward. So in this country, the Government takes no part in the matter, but volunteers, with arms, are passing forward from different parts of the country. N. Y. Adv.

## IMPORTANT FROM TEXAS.

Defeat of the Mexicans at Gonzalez.—The Commander-in-Chief, The New-Orleans Bulletin, of Oct. 24th, contains most important information of the progress of events in Texas. A despatch from the "Camp of the Volunteers," dated Oct. 23, signed by ten of the party, calls on the American brethren for immediate aid; and states that an action had taken place the day before at Gonzalez, in which the Mexican commander and several soldiers were slain. No loss on the American side. A letter from Capt. John H. Moore, dated Oct. 1st at Gonzalez, says, they have 150 men, and that more were hourly expected. He calls for more aid in number and rapidly reinforcing. Mr. William H. Wharton, who was sent on to Brazoria, Oct. 3d, to communicate more particular details, states that, "surrender in ten days. There are 800 Mexican troops there, and they have already nearly created a famine among the inhabitants, who can scarcely raise enough for their own consumption. They have no bread or meat, and must soon eat their own horses, or pillage the colonies. The object of the volunteers is to take the country from Bahia and San Antonio. After this, our countrymen propose to take St. Antonio by storm. If not taken, it will be a rallying point where thousands of the enemy's troops will concentrate. Arrangements are making in Brazoria and Matagorda, to send on provisions, ammunition, &c. Columbus is now to leave Brazoria, for the camp at Gonzalez, the next day, (Oct. 4.) and urges those who are disposed to accompany him, to equip themselves forthwith. Those who can follow on within 10 or 15 days, may still, he says, be of eminent service. He has no doubt that within a few days, 600 American volunteers at Gonzalez.

A letter of later date, (Oct. 25th,) from Brazoria, to the Editor of the New-Orleans Bulletin, says that Col. Austin's return has united all parties. Santa Anna's forces have been concentrating at Bexar, on the San Antonio river, for the last three months. Bexar is 175 miles south-west of San Felipe.

The Mexican despot, says the letter, rules a million of men—Texas has 7000 with American horses and courage and determined to be free. The enemy have a well appointed cavalry, who are placed in the army as a punishment for their crimes. Our soldiers are a deadly species of monster, as all the world knows, but in the prairies they will be powerless against cavalry. Bayonets and lances are what are, therefore, most needed by American volunteers. In conclusion, the Bulletin says, it is stated that Gen. Houston, with 1000 men, has captured San Antonio, and seized a convey of \$60,000, belonging to Cos.

## TEXAS.—The New-Orleans Bee of Oct. 20th says:

"The steamer Quachita, which left here on Saturday about 4 o'clock, with about 40 volunteers for Texas, broke her main shaft on the same evening, by which she was entirely disabled. One of the Bayou South packets passing by immediately after the accident, brought down Mr. S. S. Tappan, a Texan, who promptly secured the services of the Romeo, and the Quachita was towed down to this city last evening, and now lies in front of Parker's foundry in order to be repaired. It is expected that this boat will be ready to depart in the course of forty-eight hours. The volunteers are more than ever animated, and all the world knows under which they generously offered their services to the Texian cause."

A Rag Shocker!—The people near the head of the Long wharf, yesterday, were quite astonished to see borne on the breeze and whirling about in beautiful eddies, large quantities of those gilded butterflies, or beautiful priates, which the "better currency" patriots call rag money, in the shape of hundreds, fifties, and smaller denominations of monster and pet bank bills. There was a general scramble among the canaille to "divide the spoils," and all distinctions of party were merged in that fundamental principle of humanity, getting money. On counting up, after the contest, some had thirty, some sixty, and some hundreds of dollars, but it was instantly proclaimed to be counterfeit, and off the parties posted to the nearest, the Mechanics' Bank, to ascertain its quality. Mr. Fitch, the cashier, not only pronounced it good, but immediately identified it as part of the sum of money, amounting to 700 dollars, which he had a short time before paid to Mr. S. Trawbridge, of the packet office, Long wharf. Mr. T. had lost it from his pocket soon after leaving the bank, and did not discover his loss until advised of the circumstances detailed above. We understand he has recovered all but 153 dollars, for which a reward is offered.—N. H. Herald.

## "Christianity Victorious."

We notice a statement from the Philadelphia United States Gazette, under this title, that after a public discussion, for six nights, in the Temperance Hall, Northern Exchange, between Dr. Sleigh and the Representatives of the New-York and Philadelphia Free Inquiries in support of infidelity, it was unanimously resolved, and with enthusiastic applause, "that 'Christianity Victorious' is a genuine Christianity of divine origin—and that the attacks made by infidels on the sacred Scriptures, are as frivolous as they are unsupported by reason and common sense, and destructive to the best interests of mankind." The correctness of this decision we do not doubt;—ages have testified to the same; but had the decision been otherwise, the foundation of the Gospel would not be shaken. Galatians stronger than any now boasting of their prowess, on the side of infidelity, have defied the armies of the Living God, and bitten the dust: and the Church has nothing to fear from external attacks. The most dangerous assaults will come from within. Internal divisions may effect more than all the violence of enraged outward foes.—Conn. Obs.

## Nurserymen, unacquainted with the cultivation of

the Chinese mulberry, are probably not aware of the extent to which they may be multiplied, in a single season. In order to show the number that may be produced from a single tree, we will state the experiment by Mr. Brewster, of Suffolk, the preceding year. He laid down the branches of two trees, and thereby produced two hundred and two in addition to the original stock. From the product of one tree he has already sold forty-eight at twenty-five cents each, receiving therefore the very handsome profit of \$12, and having one hundred and fifty-four remaining on hand.—lb.

Mr. Van Buren's Prospects.—There are periods of sunshine and clouds in every man's life, and the transition from the one to the other are often sudden and unexpected. One morning the sun rises in the east, sheds its beams of light upon us through the day, and goes down in the west with every prospect of a continuation of re-visiting us the succeeding morning—but the morning comes—the sun is overcast with clouds, and before it passes its meridian, the storm is beating in torrents upon us. Almost as sudden and unexpected, six weeks ago, he was looking to the future with all but moral certainty—his friends were exulting in the confidence of success, and his opponents were admitting the probability of his election—but how changed the scene—now he is balancing the chances—his friends are acknowledging their fears, and his opponents are loudly expressing their convictions, and the result of these calculations that he cannot be elected. We fully hope he and his friends have left, is suspended upon the truth of the old maxim—"It is always darkest immediately before break of day."—N. E. Review.

## GOODS FOR AUNT MARY.

Wednesday afternoon a handsome young lady, about 18 years old, arrived in the Middle-town stage and stopped at the United States Hotel. She was well dressed and carried no particular attention of her host. During the day she frequently seen promenading the streets clad in an old calico gown, and having on her head an old straw hat, much the worse for wear. She called at several dry goods stores, and procured shawls, silks, &c. for the purpose of showing them to Aunt Mary, "Aunt Wadsworth," and others. Not returning them by evening, the clerks began to suspect that all was not right. Some of them repaired to the Hotel for the purpose of ascertaining something about her ladyship. On going to her room in the second story, it was found abandoned, she having thrown herself from a window into the back yard; climbing thence over a fence, and striking the wall, she made her way into the back yard of the Eagle Tavern, from whence she was conducted into State street by a hostler. The last that was heard of her she was in the neighborhood of Wethersfield Ferry. In her flight she dropped a shawl which she had obtained at the store of Calkin & Co.

Since writing the above, we learn that the young lady has been taken at Rocky Hill, and is now in custody. The goods were found upon her.

## Halfway Review.

Ten Thousand Dollars Reward.—Dreadful Outrage.—The Aiken, S. C. Telegraph of the 30th October, records one of the most atrocious butcheries of which we have ever read. The house of a Mr. Smith, on Ford Creek, was forcibly entered at night, the inmates, thirteen persons murdered, many valuable articles stolen, and then the house destroyed by fire with the bodies of the victims. These were Mr. Smith, his wife, and five children, and six German emigrants, who had stopped for the night, on their way to some of the upper districts. Suspicion rests on a man who had been seen dodging about for some days. A reward of ten thousand dollars is offered for the discovery of the murderer.

Mr. Smith is represented to have been a wealthy, intelligent and honest man, and was for several years a member of the State Legislature.—N. Y. Adv.

Liberal.—Dr. Benjamin Shurtleff, of Boston, has given \$10,000 for the purpose of assisting to establish a Boston Seminary at Alton, Illinois, and the same amount has been given for the same object, by other benevolent individuals.

Selfish.—The Seneca Observer says a one Adam Winsor, a S. W. was found hanging by the neck in the woods on Monday last. No other cause of suicide is known, which could have led him to the act.

## Facts for the Globe.

The Ohio Monitor, a Van Buren paper, has come out for the abolitionists. The New-York Post, the leading and most able Van Buren print in the country, advocates the cause of the abolitionists. The Hampshire Republican, a Van Buren paper, under the patronage of George Bancroft, is an abolition journal. The leading Van Buren paper at Utica, N. Y. goes the whole for the abolitionists. How will the Globe account for this?